

DELL
COMIC

A 32 PAGE COMIC MAGAZINE

10¢

NOVEMBER

the Lone Ranger





Keeps 'em on good spookin' terms

Tricks or Treats are lots more fun than chasing little
spooks away from the front gate. Here's the trick that keeps 'em on
good spookin' terms... Milky Way candy, with that thick
milk chocolate coating covering a dreamy, rich caramel layer over
a double helping of wafted milk nougat... m-m-m!
Halloween's on, the way so be ready with
plenty of luscious Milky Ways.

Buy 'em by the box for
"Tricks or Treats"



M-m-milky Way...

your money can't buy more "m-m-m-m"!

the Lone Ranger

Dollars Of Doom

GALLORING ALONG THE TRACKS OF THE UNION PACIFIC, FIVE RIDERS RACE DOWN ON A BUFFALO HERD...

HEY, PROCTY!
WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR?
SHOOT!

EEKY, DUKE! I'M NOT HUNTING
FOR PLEASURE! I'LL WAIT WHEN
I CAN LAND ONE OF THOSE
COTTAGE-SHAPED HIDE-OUTS!
I WANT HIM ON THE
TRACKS!

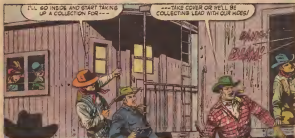


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THREE NIGHTS LATER, AT LOOY ...



SOON AFTER, THE TRAIN ROLLS INTO UNION CENTER AND THE SHERRIFF IS SHOCKED...



THEY BURNED OUR
STRONGHOLD AND
CLEANED OUT THE
PASSENGERS'
POCKETS!

I'LL TELEGRAPH LEO! IT'S AT THE OTHER
END FROM THIS VALLEY! THEN I'LL FORM
A POSSE AND MAKE SURE THOSE DANG-
EROUS ARE SEIZED IN THIS VALLEY!

THE NEXT MORNING...

THE BOYS ARE GETTING TIERED,
SLEEPING DRAKON! WE'VE BEEN
CHASIN' UP AND DOWN THESE
HILLS ALL NIGHT, BUT NOT
A SIGN OF...

---LOOK!
SMOKE!

MORRIS SADDLED
DEAD GABBY!

GOOD, TONTO! I'LL PUT OUT
OUR CAMPFIRE AND WILL
MAKE ANOTHER SEARCH ON
THIS SIDE OF THE VALLEY! I
STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHY WE HAVEN'T FOUND A
TRACE OF THE ROGUE'S!



LOOK! PLUNTY
WOGERS COME!

IT MAY BE A POSSE ON THE OUTLAND!
TRAIL, TONTO! IF THEY ARE MY JASS, IT
CAN ONLY LEAD TO THE WRONG CONCLUSIONS!
---LET'S GO, SEVER!

A MARKED MAN!

THEY MUST BE FIRST OF
THE GANG! START
SHOOTING!





RIDE FOR THE ROCKS,
TONTO! THEY'LL GIVE
US COVER!



WISHED
THEY GO!

THEY ALREADY PICKED UP
THOSE ROCKS! GO BACK!
THEY MAY BE WITH AN INDIAN!



AND AS THE HORSE HORNS CAUTIONED AROUND
THE ROCKS...

THEY'RE WELL BEHIND US AND OUT OF
SIGHT, TONTO! INTO THE GULCH! WE'LL
DOUBLE BACK AND WHEN THEY RIDE
STRAIGHT ON!



THEY PASS
US.
COULD SURE?



SOON...

IF THESE SEARCH HERE,
HESSE WE HAD OUTLAW
TRAIL NEARBY!

IT IS POSSIBLE,
TONTO, BUT STAY
OFF THE ROAD--
SOMEONE'S
GOING!



PLENTY JUST THERE MUST
BE MORE THAN ONE RIDGE!



IF ONLY SAMUEL
MORRIS, MEXICAN
PRODIGER YOU
HELP CASE!

HE USUALLY KNOWS ALL THE INTER-
ESTING NEWS, TONTO! SAYHE WE'LL
LEARN WHAT THE PODGE WAS DOING
AROUND HERE!



ARRO
SAMUEL!

IT IS THE MAFKED ONE AND
TONTO! WHA! HMMH!



ARRO, YOU HAVE HEARD THE NEWS! SOMEONE KIDS
COLLING, THE WOOD WHO KEEPS THE SUNDAY-SHOP
FOR BIGH HUNTERS AND TOURISTS AT THE LATE SEVEN
BANDS'S HOME TO JARRY! AS! IT IS
IN TODAY'S PAPER! : SHOW YOU!

CONGRATULA-
TIONS, SAMUEL!



TONTO, THE
HEADING SAYS
THERE HAS BEEN
A TRAIN
ROBBERY!

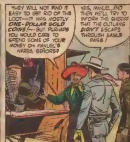
SH! SH! NEWS COBBLE'S KIDS!
ALL MORNING, I HAVE BEEN
GETTING PODGES! BUT THE
BANDS' HAVE NOT BEEN
FOUND! IT IS THOUGHT THEY
ESCAPE THROUGH SAGLE PASS
IN THE NIGHT!



WE CURRY NEWS
LAST NIGHT?
THEY NOT SO
THAT WAY!

IS SAID PODGE
HAD ALL OTHER
NEWS OUT OF
MILLY CLOCKED!

THEN THEY JUST
STILL BE ASKING
THE MILLY!



THEY WILL NOT FIND IT
EASY TO GET RID OF THE
LOOT--IT WAS MOSTLY
ONE-POUNDER GOLD
COINS!-- BUT PLEASE
YOU WOULD CARE TO
SPEND SOME OF YOUR
MONEY ON SAMUEL'S
WARRS, REPORTS?

YES, SAMUEL, AND
THEN WE'LL TRY TO
INFORM THE BUREAU
THAT THE OUTLAW
BAND? ESCAPE
THROUGH SAGLE
PASS!





WHAT THAT CLOTHS?

PROBABLY A FACE MASK! THE CRITTERS WORE AND TRIED TO SURVIVE— TELL YOUR MARKED FRIEND I'LL JOIN HIM AS SOON AS I CAN GET MY MEN AND SOME FRESH HORSES!



TOMTO GO NOW!

WILL YOU TWO RIDE WITH ME?

BRING SHERMAN? IT IS OUR VACATION AND WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE LADY GIVEN!



BLAKE, WE'RE IN TROUBLE! THAT BURNED MEDDLER MUST BE THE SAME FELLOW WHO RUINED OUR FIRST TRAIN JOB!

IF HE FINDS OUR TRACKS BY THE BEAVER DAM, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM RIGHT TO THE LADY GIVEN!



IF THAT BURNING OUR LITTLE BANGS WITH THE SHARPEST ABOUT DRIVING POLICE OFFICERS WILL SURE NO GO!

I KNOW A SHORT CUT TO THE BEAVER DAM! WE CAN BEAT THE INDIAN THERE AND GET AWAY OF THAT MARRIED MAN BEFORE HE CAN TRAIL US!



SOON!

FIVE SETS OF HOOFPRINTS— THE ROBBERS CAME ACROSS! HERE!



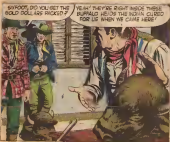
AND ABOVE

THERE HE IS, PROBABLY RIGHT BY THE PLACE WHERE WE CAME OUT OF THE RIVER!

OH GOING TO GET A CLOSER LOOK AT HIM NOW— THROUGH THE HUNTING RIFLE TELESCOPIC SIGHT!



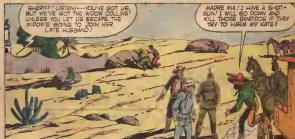






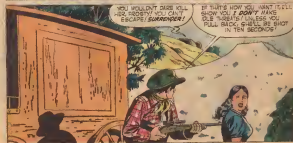
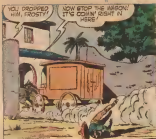
BUT AS THE SHUTTER IS THROWN OPEN, THE LONE RANGER BANGS THE NEAR-BY HELLTOP.



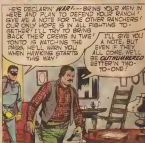


AS THE SHERIFF DELIBERATELY DELAYS A DECISION, SUDDENLY...





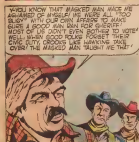








A FEW MORE DESPERATE SHOTS ARE FIRED BY THE OUTLAW AND HAWKINS SPILLS BLOOD FROM HIS SADDLE..



The courage of little crane



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Little Crane prayed, as he struggled to keep his canoe off the rocks, "Great Spirit! Help me!"

And then, his paddle broke!

Immediately the light craft's bow swung with the wind—headed swiftly toward the looming shore—the dreaded shore of GHOST ISLAND!

Little Crane, helpless to stop his drift, went numb with fear. He would have tried to swim against the windsquall—but he felt now that he must be in the grip of some powerful fate which he could not fight. He sat huddled in his tossing birchbark, not daring to look up, until—

With a great lift and a gentle thud, a lost wave landed him on a tiny slope of gravel between the threatening rocks of the island!

Little Crane was rolled out. Scrambling to his feet, he saw the empty canoe lifted on another wave. He grabbed for it—caught the gunwale, heaved it up out of reach of the battering lake surf.

With the canoe safe, he began to shake, partly with wet and cold, but mostly with fright. Was not this Ghost Island, haunted by the spirits of a long-vanished people? Ghost Island—from which his tribe on the mainland would allow no one to return, lest he bring a curse with him?

Little Crane recalled how the story ran, told by the tribe's old men. Some years before Little Crane was born, a young man had been wrecked on Ghost Island. He had sent up a smoke signal, and had been rescued by his people. But soon afterwards a sickness

had struck the tribe, and many had died. And from then on, the beaver began to disappear from the little lakes and streams. It was all because the ghosts of Ghost Island had laid a curse on anybody who set foot on their shore.

And here was Little Crane, stranded on that same shore—without a paddle! He shivered again at the thought!

But Little Crane was a healthy boy—and a healthy boy does not give up to fear for very long. The idea struck him, that the Great Spirit was mightier than any ghosts, and could protect him from them. He would make a new paddle, and leave when the wind died.

Before he realized it, Little Crane's search for good paddle wood took him deep into the big island's interior. There the land was gently-rolling, and watered by a clear brook. The brook spread out into a pond with grassy borders. It was beaver country—perfect beaver country! But of course there were no beavers . . . and no ghosts, that Little Crane could see!

At last the boy found a small tree from which he could split and whittle a paddle. He set to work, in a sunny corner of some rocks. And as he whittled away, he had a vision!

In his mind's eye, he saw the island's little brook changed into a string of beaver ponds—with beavers working happily at their house building. Happily—because no hunter ever came to Ghost Island to disturb them! It was a daydream, but it seemed very real.

And then another thought came to Little



Crane: The Great Spirit HAD heard his prayer—had allowed the paddle to break, and his canoe to be cast ashore—for a purpose! The purpose was that he, Little Crane, should bring the beaver families back to Ghost Island!

When his paddle was finished, it was night—but Little Crane did not feel afraid of ghosts now. And the darkness would hide him from any watchers on the mainland! He pushed off and drove his paddle deep into the dark lake water. . . .

It was five years later, when Little Crane came back to his own village on the shore of the great lake. He was a man grown, now, strong and handsome, and hard as ironwood. And he brought gifts—knives and hatchets and cloth and beads—which his people had not been able to buy for many years, because they had no beaver skins to trade. He also brought two live beavers, in wire cages.

"I have been living with a distant tribe, whose hunting grounds are rich in beaver," he told his people. "I have brought these two, to start a new beaver colony in our streams. You must promise not to kill them or any of their family for five more years. Then there will be beavers enough for all!"

"He who brings back the beaver, brings great good!" the Chief replied. "We will promise what you ask!"

What neither the Chief nor his people guessed was that in the past five years Little Crane had been secretly bringing live beavers from far-off mountain ponds and streams to stock Ghost Island. And by now that big, lonely island, where no one but Little Crane dared to go, was getting quite crowded with beaver families. They had dammed up the brook, and made new ponds, new beaver meadows. And their great-great-grandchildren were swimming across to the mainland to start new beaver homes there.

Secretly, Little Crane helped the migration, taking many caged young beavers to certain brooks and ponds by night. It was a great risk—for if any of his people had caught him coming from Ghost Island, they would have made HIM a ghost—or tried to! But Little Crane's courage never failed, for the Great Spirit had given him this work to do.



YOUNG HAWK

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WITH THE COMING OF WINTER'S "STROKE COLD," YOUNG HAWK, LITTLE BUCK, AND THEIR ADOPTED FAMILY GROWN TOGETHER IN ONE OF THE TWO GAVE CASING, FOR ADOPTED BROTHER, ONE NIGHT, WHEN ALL THE FOREST IS STILL...





ON THE HEELS OF THE DOG, A SHIRLING TERROR HURTLING OUT OF THE SMOKE-STRAIT AT LITTLE BUCK'S TARTARY!





BUT, ALTHOUGH LITTLE BUCK TALKS BRAVELY,
HE IS GRATEFUL FOR GRANDMA'S SALVE AND
NEESHOO'S SOFT DEERSKIN BANDAGES!

GRANDMA HARK SLUNG UP THE GRIM TRUTH!

WENT ADDING...

"IF YOU WAIT A DAY OR TWO, YOUNG BARN, I'D GO WITH YOU!"

"NO, YOU WOULDN'T, LITTLE BUCK! THOSE WOUNDS HAVE MADE YOU SICK ALREADY. BE QUIET, AND LET THEM HEAL!"



"THUNDERBOLT WOULDN'T COME - HE'S SCARED TO DEATH OF THE SKUNK BEAR, BUT YOU AND I WILL HUNT THE BEAST DOWN, LITTLE BROTHER!"

"CHIRREEP"



"HE'S HEADED FOR MY TRAPLINE! I KNOW IT!"



AN HOUR OR TWO LATER, YOUNG BARN MADE HIS FIRST SUSPICIOUS CONSUMED...

"SAY! A FINE ONE FELT RUINED - JUST FOR YOURNESS?"



"AND HE'S SHOT BY RABBIT GUARDS!"



"HRR-RR-RR"

"LITTLE BROTHER! WHAT DO YOU SEE?"



POURED THE END OF THE DAY, LITTLE BROTHER WHISTLED SWIFTLY IN YOUNG BARN'S EAR!



BROUSE FLIES UP FROM A THICKET—BUT ALREADY LITTLE BROTHER IS IN THE AIR, DARTING TOWARD THE GAME LIKE A LIVING ARROW!



SHARP LITTLE TALONS FIND THEIR MARK! BOTH THE BROUSE AND THE TAY HAWK GO TUMBLING EARTHWARD!



LATER, WHEN YOUR MARK COOKS THE BROUSE, LITTLE BROTHER GETS THE CHOICEST CUTS.



BUT IT ISN'T WITHIN GRIZZLY BEHOLD! THE LEGS AND OF THE WOLFBARK IS RAISED UP FOR A LOOK!



YOUNG MARK'S ARROW ARRIVES A SPLAT SECOND TOO LATE...THE BEAR'S DECKING INSTINCT FOR DANGER WARNING HIM...JUST IN TIME!!



HE WAS TRAILING AS HE KNEW I AM HIS ENEMY...TO THE DEATH!

A SHIVER OF FEAR RUNG UP YOUNG MARK'S SPINE AT THE THOUGHT OF THE FERCE LITTLE KILLER LEAPING ON HIS BACK FROM AMBUSH!



KEERHH!

WHAT AM I DOING NOW, LITTLE BROTHER? DIGGING A SHELTER HOLE FOR THE NIGHT!

WHEN DARKNESS APPROACHES, YOUNG MARK PREPARES HIS CAMP...



... WITH PLENTY OF FIREWOOD TO LAST THE NIGHT!



ONE THING WE KNOW... THIS SKUNK BEAR HATES FIRE! HE HAS BEEN HURT BY IT!

CHERR! CHERR!



FOR ANOTHER THING--NO SKUNK BEAR COULD COME NEAR TONIGHT WITHOUT YOUR SKUNK WARNING, LITTLE BROTHER! I SHALL SLEEP WITH NO WORRY!

CHERR!



CERRA-
BERRA!

BUT DURING THE NIGHT, A SMALL BEAR TREMBLES
YOUNG HAWK'S EAR. INSTANTLY, THE WOLF
WARRIOR IS AWAKE, EVERY SENSE ALERT!



USH! A PORCUPINE-
CHASING AT MY
BACKBONE!

KO-A-LUCH!
NO-B-LUNCH!



THIS WILL SEND HIM OFF,
WITH A SCORCHED NOSE--SO
HE WON'T COME BACK!

CAREFULLY, YOUNG HAWK LIFTS
A BURNING STICK FROM HIS FIRE...



KAAAH!
GEE-BAAH!
WHEEH!

MEEER!
BEEER!

WAAH-?

SUDDENLY, THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT
IS SHATTERED BY AGENTILE SOUNDS!



GRAAH!

SHUNK-BEAK! HE NOS
AFTER ME--WHEN HE STUMBLED
ON THE ROCKY ONE!



WHEEHEEHEE!

IN GLAD RAGE, THE WOLFWARRIOR LUNGS AHEAD
AT THE GULL PIE--AND GETS A SLAP FROM
THE PORCUPINE'S GUARD-STIFFED TAIL!



ONCE MORE THE TOUCH OF FIRE BRINGS SOMETHING LIKE FEAR-OR CAUTION-- TO THE WILD BRAIN OF THE WOUNDED! HE SHRIES BACK...



... AND HURRIES AWAY THROUGH THE SNOWS, HIS SHAWL OF RED RACING INTO THE FOREST...





THE ARROW MEETS HIM IN MID-AIR--A HEART SHOT!

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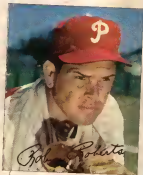
"SPARK UP- ...you need stamina to pitch!"

said **ROBIN ROBERTS**

ACE PITCHER, PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES...



ROBIN ROBERTS SHOWED ME THAT BAD FOOTWORK AND LACK OF ENERGY CAUSED ME TO TIRE IN THE LATE INNINGS.



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WHEATIES!**

"Breakfast of Champions"

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- WHOLE WHEAT HELPS YOU GROW
- WHOLE WHEAT HELPS GIVE YOU STRONG MUSCLES